

ANDERSON COLLEGE



IVY LEAVES

SPRING
1970

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IVY LEAVES

Vol. VI

SPRING 1970

No. 13

EDITORIAL

Spring has arrived! The earth is changing its countenance toward a beautiful rebirth. The budding flowers and leaves are appearing as once again nature declares its splendor. We, too, as a literary magazine, wish to bring forth a budding splendor of talent. We offer works of this season to you the reader to enjoy as this season unfolds its fullness of beauty.

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WINTER INTO SPRING



AC
1970

Coe Camak

THOUGHTS

I stretch out on a hill
and watch the clouds roll by
to take on different forms
as they tumble over each other
creating one large mass
and then
they dwindle away
leaving the bright blue
and open my mind to new thoughts
as I search for some of the answers
but in
reality I cannot leave them
and when I come out of my trance
they are still there
waiting patiently to be solved
so again
I drift into my wonderless land
and let them be blown about like the clouds
and become different shapes in my many moods.

Jo Blythe

WHAT IS A STUDENT?

A student is a computer
Who usually needs a tutor.

Ann Cannon

IT'S REAL

Recently I saw a friend whom I had not seen in two years. I had been at college and he had been in Vietnam.

We used to have long philosophical talks about Christianity and what the Christian life really means. He had meant a great deal to me because of his sincerity in his faith.

Now that he is back, he is the same person, perhaps wiser because of his experience. But he has the same ideals as before. He has shown me that even traveling half way around the world and seeing a tragic war did not change him.

If a man can experience the terrors of war and the loneliness of being thousands of miles from home and still have the glow of Christ in his heart, then Christianity must be more than a mere humdrum religion. It's real.

Gareth Hegler

HE SPEAKS TO ME

He speaks across the mountains
In the wind that bloweth free;
His voice is in the ocean surf--
A voice that speaks to me.
His words are in the sunset
When clouds are golden hued;
They also cry out in the dawn
When bright is Nature's mood.

I talk with Him when shadows
Creep across the hills
And leave the world in twilight
And hush the city's mills.
Even the evening's silence
Is a voice that speaks to me.
And then again I hear Him talk
In the wind in the big pine tree.

There's something in a rosebud
That tells me He is near.
Something in a waterfall
That makes me see Him clear.
I can only stand entranced
At a mountain's majesty;
But nothing thrills me more than when
I watch the rolling sea.

David M. Dawkins

WHAT PRICE?

What price, Freedom,
Must we pay?
Another's tomorrow,
For our today?

Janice Lee Williams

LITTLE FLY

Little fly upon the wall,
Him don't got no home a'tall.
Him don't got no mom to comb him hair,
Him don't care — Him got no hair!!!

Sally Ann Arant

ETERNITY

Fragile fortitude frequently flocked,
And lazily, leisurely, lastingly locked
Arduously, amorously, ardently around
Certain celestial, sequestered sounds
 which
Caprice cannot corrupt
Discord dare not disrupt.
 Eternity.

Roger H. Mullikin

JUST PLAIN PROUD

My name's Grass and I'm over all.
I grow short, I grow tall.
I'm Southern Grass
I say ya'll.

Roger H. Mullikin

CHILD OF WOE

Conceived in lust, and grow ye must,
Oh, child of sorrow, child of woe,
And who will love thee, who will care?
A thousand tears have washed ye bare.

Oh what art, thy tender face,
But thy being has caused disgrace.
Oh child of sorrow, child of woe,
Can thy mother love thee, when no one must know?

Thy tender smile, and first few words,
Where is thy mother when this joy is heard?

And does she know her cross ye bear?
Yet, if she knew — would she care?
Oh, precious child, when ye grow to be a man
What person will be there to take thy hand?

Janice Lee Williams

MEMORIES

When it's late in the evening and shadows
stretch into my room, I can find my mind
wandering to the things we said that afternoon.

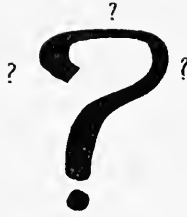
Yes, I still remember the way you smiled
when we talked about those summer nights.
And even now I can feel your gentle warmth
When I held you beneath the campus lights.

You know, at times I think it's funny,
how those hours mellowed into moments of gold.
I don't believe there ever will be a story
of a love like ours to be told.

Even now, I can remember the patterns of
our footsteps as we strolled along the beach,
just walking in the sand. And I know that
those memories we shared on that day
will cling to my mind, just like
you clung to my hand.

Though the words we spoke to each other were
carried off by the blowing wind, they will continue
to burn within my heart and travel with me
till I've finished my course,
till the last curtain has been lowered,
till my journey's end . . .

Stan Blackwell



? QUESTIONS?

WHAT IS LIFE?
WHAT IS A STUDENT?
WHO AM I?
WHAT SHALL I DO
WITH TODAY
AND
TOMORROW?

IN SEARCH OF MY THING

Life and living it is lost until you find yourself and what you want to do or be. For me, life is a "hassle" and living this way is "copping out."

I want to find my own little piece of earth and follow the sun. Love is old, peace toward all is new — I am working toward my own nature and trying to improve my ground—in morals and attitudes. My life is going to change and I hope others will, too. Can you understand why we need to change?

Janice Moody

LIFE

When you live from day to day
Life becomes a pleasant way
Worries flee and heartaches cease,
And each trial you can meet.

Trusting God can help you live
Facing what each day shall give
Whether shadows or sunshine bright
Peace will come as a shining light,
Entering the troubled soul.

Mary Matthews

LIFE

Eyes of light and beauty
Flaming strands of hair,
Heart forever laughing,
Loving life so dear,
That Death is now so near.
Spending every moment
Running in the sun,
Living every hour
Till your time is done.

Stanley Horton

ONE DAY I LOOKED AT MYSELF

One day I looked at myself,
The self that Christ can see,
I saw the person I was that day,
And the person I ought to be.

I saw how little I really pray,
How little I really do,
I saw the influence of my life,
How little of it was true.

I saw the bundle of faults and fears
I ought to lay on the shelf.
I had given a little bit to God,
But I hadn't given myself.

I came from seeing myself,
With a mind made up to be
The kind of person that Christ can use,
With a heart he can always see.

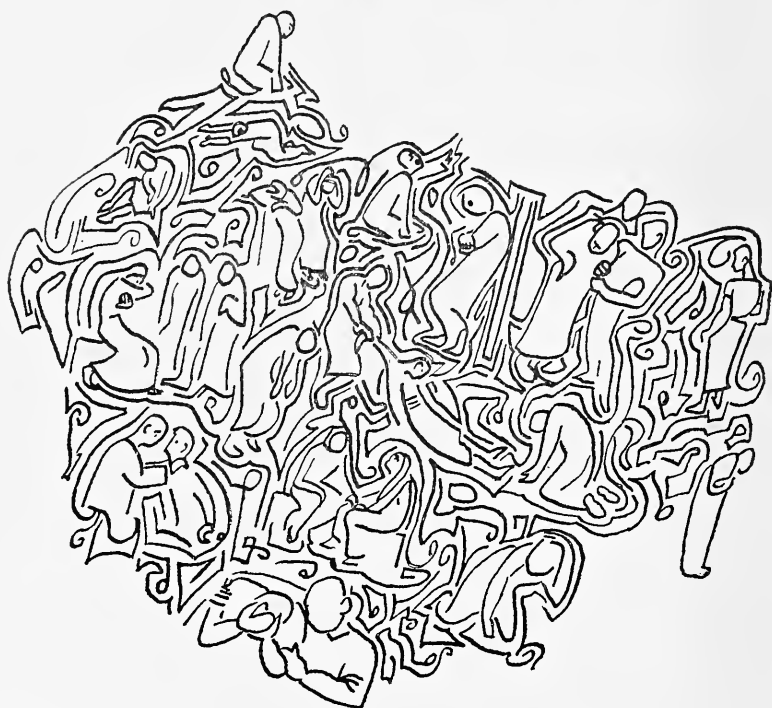
Sonny Smith

YOU

I love you for the happiness
You bring to me each day.
I love you for the kindness
Of your always thoughtful way.
I love you for your love for me
So constant and so true.
But most of all I love you
Just because you're you.

Lillie Pilgrim

THE CONTINENT HUMANITY



Ed Carney

THE PATH FROM SANITY

There is no turning back from life
and life itself is an unsuitable
reason for all this strife
of conscious death and man — the mutable.

The existence we call our own
is now being dashed by the rain
and bullet holes are being constantly sown
into a bed of threads — the brain.

Watch the soft folds of dawn spread
the day with warm gold sheets
and when the sun rests its head
on the mountains where the road meets —
Do not forget.

Anna Smith

GONE TOMORROW

And the strangers become
your friends
and-then-the friends become
your brothers . . .
And the brothers?
They tell you they are leaving
but you laugh and say
“another day — another day”
but then you awake in the morning
and you are alone.

Anna Smith

LONELINESS

Loneliness is searching for someone who is not there . . .
Loneliness is reaching for someone only to grasp thin air . . .
Loneliness is crying for someone with all your might . . .
Loneliness is having someone in your memory, but not in your sight.

Johnny A. Kelly

RECOGNITION

To gain status in our little
communities
We do all sorts of things
We would never have dreamed
of doing
Had there been only the
world
And each man alone.

Coe Camak

MEN AND TIME

Where am I going?
Where have I been?
Why am I walking at all?

I walk a road to seek an answer,
But find only questions at my call.
The road leads to paths untraveled;
It leads to mountains unseen,
Down to vales of mist and fogs.
I follow the road through miles of time
To become what I must be.
I'll walk the road all alone.
If none will go with me.

Andy Menger

MY VOID

I can see him moving his lips and holding up his hand.
Why is he talking to ME?
That crazy man!
What kind of a fool is he?
That **crazy, crazy** man!
Doesn't he know — no one **ever** talks to ME!
Oh go away! Go away!
What kind of torture is this to be?
Ah, he has finally gone,
I can keep this nothingness to myself
In my soundless world, my void.

Nancy Cox



PEACE

Today I will see you as
A person who loves, feels and cares —
A soul with thoughts, desires and emotions.

Today I will break down the
Wall that is built of
Apathy, distrust and misunderstanding.

Today I will realize that you
Are one of God's Supreme Creations —
A unique design of the Infallible Maker.

Today I will pause and consider
Your ideals; Your hopes to share
The Common Land with those you love.

Today I will gaze into your
Face and see an age of
Oppression, pain and strife.

Today—You, an important
Link to the unity of
Mankind.

Sherry Bynum

LAST TUESDAY

His hair was unsightly, growing over his ears.
His father looked upon him with anger, his mother with tears.
He left last Tuesday for parts unknown,
Now he's cold and hungry, but no longer alone.

Janice Lee Williams

OBLIVION

I walk in the thickening fog —
Fog surrounds me,
clouds are covering —
my mind.
The sky is weeping.
Thoughts, are impossible.
I fight — for life.
I live — for existence.
People are trying to
entice me to join their life.
They live a life of games.
Oh! the games
they play!
I walk in the thickening fog —
struggling in the
dark.
The games are closer —
they want me
to play!
Oh! help me!
I want no games —
no part of their existence.
I want life!
Fog thickens and
blocks my sight.
The games are closer —
pressing me.
Clouds have hidden
my mind — completely.
Oh,
where is light —
where is Life?

Susan Eve Haltiwanger

THE DANCE OF HAPPINESS

Why are you so sad?
Don't you know this world is a whirling dance of
happiness?
Yes, I know, there are many kinds of dances,
But not every one is a dance of sadness.
SMILE and enter in;
Mix the whirls of happiness and gladness.
HURRY!! Should the music stop and the lights
die down,
You might be trapped on the wrong side ----
In the dance of sadness and suffering.

Nancy Cox



ESCAPE

a full moon hangs suspended silently
in a black sky
a summer breeze blows sadly through
the ruffled curtains
she stands looking around the room—tranquilly
picking up her suitcase—she wipes away a tear
she slips silently away — into a dark world — alone
leaving behind safety—security—and love?
she gradually enters a world of . . .

Susan Eve Haltiwanger

LILIES OF THE FIELD; A POEM OF PROTEST

A lily rises young and free from mother Earth.
Morning dew still fresh on greening leaves.
A crystal web on your stem a spider weaves.
No power on Earth can judge your worth.
Quiet lily, bend toward rising sun!
Lift your head to the call your fathers heed.
Your roots should never have need.
Stop your growth till our deed is done.
Listen oh lily, to whistling wind.
It's telling you how to live, to grow.
A life your own you'll never know.
Listen, and be one of us then.
A lily you are and now must know.
The sun will always watch your day,
to be sure you follow our way.
Only in certain fields are you allowed to grow.
A lily you'll rise but never be free.
The dew will fall but ne'er be sweet.
A spider lies, dead at your feet.
It's been decided just what you'll be.

Herschel Q. Peddicord III

(Buzz)



NIGHTMARE

"I'm alive!" Vince yelled.

"It's a shame. So young, too."

"He was truly an asset to our community."

"Oh, Vince! Oh, Vince!"

"I'm alive!" Vince pleaded at the top of his mind. (But to no avail)

All he could do was lie there in his morbid encasement. He could not move a muscle. Every bone and tissue in his body was lifeless. However, his mind was as vivacious as any in that church. Vince realized this, but he continued his futile attempts to communicate with the outside world.

The pallbearers lifted the casket and carried it out to the hearse. If he could just move the casket in some way — no possibility.

Vince racked his brain while his driver chauffeured him to the cemetery.

The sound of earth falling on the coffin echoed in every corner of Vince's prison.

"... We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust . . ."

Suddenly Vince opened his eyes. "Boy! What a dream! It must be two o'clock; I can't see a thing in here. How about that?" he thought to himself. "I didn't even take my suit off before going to bed."

"Ow!!" He said as he raised himself from his bed and bumped his head against the padded ceiling.

PADDED CEILING!

Ed Carney

FAR FROM CONFORMITY

Man's life lies in strain,
Tales of conflict and of shame
And the way Man lives in vain
Trying to be free from speed.

On a little farm up on high,
Man lives on earth waiting to die,
To enter that wonderful place in the sky;
But why can't he stay around and plow the ground
And live within the bounds of God's Grace?
Hold up his head for whatever may come his way.
But yet man must die and leave this place
To enter Heaven or the Gates of Hell.

Man must and will prevail,
Throughout the world and life and things
And living for the same thing that man has lived for many a day.

Tears, sorrow, and Broken Hearts,
Man without promise or love, is dead to the world of humans.
Nature is the only thing left for him,
Yet he could die;
But thank God up on high for nature,
Birds, the Sun, and The Sky.
Grass that grows, and flowers that bloom,
And many things that you and I know must be real and true.

Fighting and cursing, swearing too,
Take a drink, live for hell.
Maybe there you will be;
But why must it be this way?

Leave freedom for animals and nature,
But man, such 'an unholy, wretched, and sinful **IT**,
Should be locked in the ground Forever More.

Let me talk, I want to be heard;
I'm a single individual in a big, big world.
People are funny, you know;
But I can't tell my tales of man and hell,
'Cause I can't express my inner feelings, **deepest** feelings,
Because I'm looked on as just another one to die.

To be born, live, and die is a process screwed to the mind.
Man may live eternally in the minds of many though he may die.

I want to be your friend.
My feelings and thoughts are simple, sometimes evil.

I'm confused, and if I die
May I go with peaceful thoughts and happiness of mind.
Dear God, help me today,
To live far from conformity.

Noah Benjamin Bolt

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